

WE WEAVE OURSELVES THE LIVES WE LIVE

WE weave ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made;
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissues of the life to be
We weave with colours all our own;
And in the Field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

GOD WAITS LONG, BUT STRIKES AT LAST

GOD waits long, but strikes at last. It is an old proverb and a true one. His mills grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

We have seen it through all history, and we are seeing it in the desert sands of Libya. It is the crumbling of the foulest empire in the modern world. Never was the hand of Nemesis more sure than in the doom that has befallen Italy.

We need not doubt that black deeds have been done in every land in ages past. If we turn back the pages of our own history we find them incredible. The things men did in other days are not to be

one thing never changes; it is the pitiless Nemesis within. God does not pay his wages every week, but He pays.

THE finger-posts of Nemesis are everywhere. Shut your eyes and you will see them: Pharaoh and Caesar, Greece and Rome, Saul and Judas, the burning of Joan of Arc, Richard the Third, the Stuarts and Napoleon, Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, Plague and Slavery—they point the way of destiny that for thousands of years has never failed. It is the grim reality of fact that makes such poor stuff of fiction: Saul, the Chosen

Jeffreys, who sold his victims into slavery, treated saints like dogs, and perished with the mark of Cain and Judas on his brow.

ONLY yesterday it was that Nemesis turned its piercing searchlight on Napoleon. He would have founded a great dynasty to rule in Europe. He dreamed the Nazi dream long before Hitler was kicked into the world. It was nothing to him that thousands of peasants should have a few years more or less of eating and drinking and sleeping. It was nothing to him that millions of lives should be trampled down. Turn up your Wordsworth and read again the noble sonnet on Toussaint L'Ouverture. It was Napoleon's amusement to torture Toussaint in his dungeon at Joux, and Toussaint wrote to him letters that would move any heart not made of stone or Nazism.

I beg of you in the name of God (he wrote) to cast a favourable eye on my appeal. If I have sinned in doing my duty, it is contrary to my intentions. I was one of your soldiers, and the first servant of the Republic in Hayti, but now I am wretched, ruined, dishonoured.

First Consul, it is a misfortune to me that I am not known to you. If you had known me you would have done me more justice. I am not learned, but my father showed me the road of virtue and honour. I am a victim of all my services, a prisoner sunk in grief, and I ask you for freedom that I may labour to support my unhappy family. Let your heart be softened and touched by my misfortunes.

Poor Toussaint

There was no reply from the great Napoleon, and one day they opened the dungeon door and found poor Toussaint dead, lying with the rats. The things that happened then in Hayti are not to be printed now. Napoleon chained two of Toussaint's bravest generals to the rocks, where they starved for weeks until the last one died. But in six months from the death of Toussaint all that was left of France in Hayti fled in terror, and France withdrew from the island under the protection of the British flag.

FRANCE had one more Napoleon, and of him it is enough to remember what the greatest Frenchman, Victor Hugo, wrote while he still lived:

*No, Freedom! People, No! He must not die.
It would be too simple, too unscorned an end
After all law destroyed, the hour brought nigh
When holy shame must back to heaven ascend.*

*Keep the man living. Noble punishment!
Would that some day him we may wandering find,
Naked, crouched, shivering, like reed tempest-bent,
Beneath the execration of mankind.*

*Clasped by the past—crammed with those crimes
of his,*

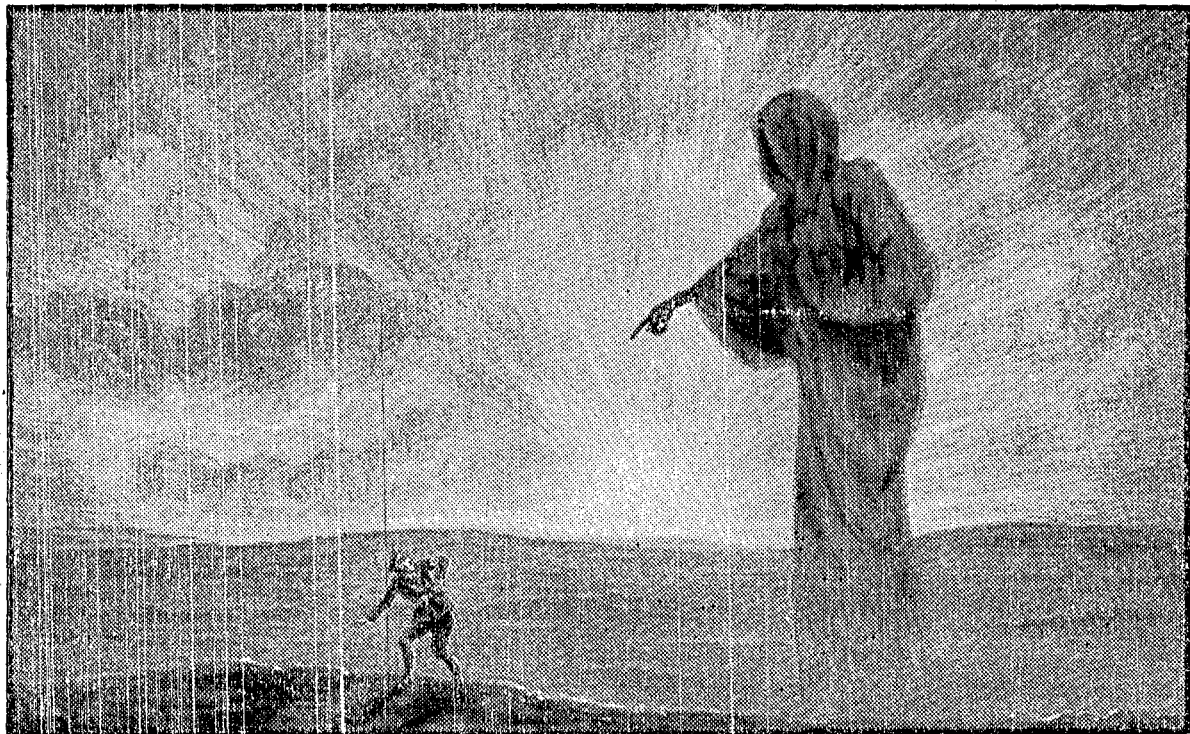
*As with a crown all bristling o'er with nails,
Seeking dark spots—the forest, the abyss,
Pale, scared, and whom the wolf as kindred hails.*

*In some vile hulk, fetters his only sound,
Telling to the deaf rocks his vain despair;
Alone, alone, Silence and Hate around—
Men nowhere near, and spectres everywhere!*

*Aged, rejected by Death's scornful hand,
Doomed, abject, trembling, through long years to plod:
People, avoid that man, marked by a brand:
Let Cain pass by, for he belongs to God.*

AND Napoleon's dynasty? His little son was King of Rome but was forgotten by France, and the other day the son was taken from an

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NEMESIS

believed, but the world has long emerged from those Dark Ages, and generations have passed since civilised nations repented of their ancient crimes.

It is to the everlasting disgrace of Italy that her empire has been built on crime in modern days. There are no blacker chapters in the history of the twentieth century than those of Libya, Abyssinia, and Albania.

The Feet of Nemesis, How Sure

Now that this empire is being bombed out of existence, those who trace the inexorable hand of destiny in events will be deeply stirred by the fact that the first bomb ever dropped from an aeroplane was dropped by Italy in the desert sands of Libya. The sowers of the wind have reaped the whirlwind:

*Though circuitous and obscure,
The feet of Nemesis, how sure.*

IT was Italy, the ancient capital of Christendom, that first made war in the heavens; it is Italy's empire which is the first to fall by bombardment from the sky. It is barely a generation since Italy dropped the first bomb on Libya and killed a little child, and already her empire is rattling to its doom. In this world where so much is clanging

of Jehovah, brought low by his ungovernable pride to perish with all his house; Judas going out to hang himself; Ancient Greece, with all her immortal glory, brought low by moral decay; Rome, proud mistress of the world, shattered by the battering-ram within.

WE are thinking of the fall of empires, and the first English Empire was in France. It was Joan of Domrémy, stirred by the trumped-up pretences with which our king marched on at Agincourt, who rose to drive us out; we burned her alive in Rouen marketplace and in less than a generation the last square yard of our French Empire (except Calais) was gone. Richard of Gloucester, wading through murder to the throne, put on his crown at Bosworth Field and died like a dog—the day was done, the dog was dead.

Searchlight on Napoleon

The Stuarts come into English history with James the First, Macaulay's contemptible coward and buffoon, and in all the ancient tale of kings is no more pitiful tragedy than that of his son and his son's sons. Charles the First lied to his people and suffered retribution. Charles the Second dug up the bones of our greatest soldier and our greatest sailor and flung them in the dust, and he has perished in ill-fame—perished like his own Judge

God Waits Long, But Strikes at Last

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alien grave and brought to his father's side in the splendour of the Pantheon in Paris, German officers on guard and the German Army in possession.

On and on Nemesis marches through history, pointing his black finger. Now it is Plague; now it is Slavery.

WE have been remembering the first Great Fire of London, but it came to sweep away a foulness inconceivable, the Plague. Our prisons were nests of disease as well as scenes of traffic in vice, and the prisoners brought their disease from prison to court. We may not believe it, but it is true that once at Oxford a prisoner brought the germs of death to court, and in forty hours the judge, the sheriff, the jury, and 300 people in the court were dead. That was England then; that is a picture of the days of Plague and Fire.

As for Slavery, it has brought low every nation that has made use of it. It was in British ships that millions of Africans were carried to America, a quarter of a million of them flung into the

sea on the way; and for every one of these drowned slaves an American soldier's life was given to free the slaves in Abraham Lincoln's day.

So it will be again. Europe will fling off its chains and be as free as the air. Hitler will perish like Mussolini and Saul and Judas and Cain. The ramshackle empires will crumble and men will be free to choose their destinies.

THE anguish of the human race, the pitiful cruelty to little children, the torture of the old, the agony that all mankind bears now, will have its great reward when mankind marches on to better ways and happier days. Already we can almost hear the trumpet call:

My eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword.

His truth is marching on.

Arthur Mee

From Africa's Children to London's

FROM all over the earth come gifts and prayers for the suffering poor of London, and a sum of money has now been received by the London Missionary Society from the girls of their school at Mbereshi, who send it as "Children of the Empire, in a warm and peaceful land, to the children of London who are facing death and danger that the Kingdom of God may stand."

Their gift was £4 10s, and is the first such gift made by African children. "They are a people without wealth," explains their

teacher, "and most of it must have been brought in kind—baskets of flour, ground nuts, eggs, sweet potatoes, pumpkins."

With the gift of the girls comes a letter to their old teacher, who is now back in England, and we take this passage from it:

We are not afraid for you. We cannot send you guns and aeroplanes to protect you. We here know nothing of these things. We send you that which is far stronger, our prayers for your protection.

Poor Crooked Hero

MEN on the spot have been writing enthusiastically of the wonderful part played by mules in the successes won by the valiant Greeks in Albania. True to tradition, these sturdy animals, carrying immense burdens on their backs, over ice-bound mountain tracks and through snow and slush and mud, have supported the Greek advance in conditions that would have been fatal to the horses.

They climb nimbly where horses would fall; they bear loads, in proportion to their size,

greater than a horse could support; they resist cold and illness and the palsy effects of age, and all this on a diet that would mean sheer starvation to a horse.

Nobody knows who introduced mules into human service, so ancient is their place among beasts of burden. For mountain paths and arid ways they are incomparable, and, as our own men found in the last war, they respond readily to gentle treatment and prove mulish only in name.

The Wedding in the Ruins

A farmer's daughter has been married by the ruined altar of the church of Earl Sterndale in the Dovedale Valley. The church was bombed and reduced to a shell, but Miss Anne Elizabeth Harrison and Mr William Wayn, a quarryman of the Dovedale Hills, were not to be disappointed, and were married in the ruins. There were eight people present and it was thrilling to hear them singing the Doxology in these pathetic ruins set in one of the most exquisite natural scenes in England.

83 Years at a Beautiful Corner

One of the most captivating corners of Kent is the tiny square at the entrance to Penshurst Church, with the old tree which may have thrown its shade on Sir Philip Sidney. Now an old friend of ours whom unhappily we never saw, Mr Charles Eagleton, has died at this corner, in the house he was born in 83 years ago. Thousands of people have bought picture postcards from him at the post office and asked him questions about the old tree, and he will be greatly missed when peace comes back and tours in Kent begin again.

The Arab on the White Ass

ONE of the loveliest sights on the African war-front must have been the Arab messenger arriving at the British lines in the Sudan. He was from Kassala and was on a white ass.

Asking to be taken to the British Commander he handed the officer a sealed scrap of paper on which was scrawled in Arabic—"Please enter Kassala with your forces immediately. The Italians are retreating." It was sent by the Mayor of Kassala and was the first news received that the hour had come.

Baby Madeleine

Little Madeleine Ann Turland was eight months old and was left playing with her toys on an easy-chair in front of the sitting-room fire at her home in Weston Favell, Northampton.

Hearing the child cry, the mother looked in and found little Madeleine lying near the front of the hearth, in its hand all that was left of a celluloid rattle.

Madeleine's hands and face were burned, and though she received every attention her little life has gone. The father did not think it necessary to have a fireguard at that age, he said. What the C N thinks necessary is a little humanity in our Parliament to stop the manufacture of these inflammable toys. Life enough is being lost, and the country will need its little Madeleines in years to come. It is shameful that these young lives should be endangered in this way.

So the C N has been saying for 20 years; will our Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Morrison, please read this case of little Madeleine?

HOME

A newspaper correspondent has described an experience behind the Greek lines. He was with others in a leaky hut, bare of furniture except for a picture of the Madonna and an empty box, the floor coated with mud from untold feet. Yet it was refuge from the bitter weather.

As they sit there a Greek soldier puts his head in at the door and talks to the interpreter. The man is wet, his arm is wounded and bleeding, his face is drained of blood and blue with cold, his hair and beard utterly unkempt. He looks round, and then sets to work to find wood for a fire, for this hut is his home. He is back from the war and is happy, for the Italians are running and he is home again.

THINGS SEEN

A blackbird without one black feather in a Lancashire park!

Notice on a heap of ruins at Sidcup:

This house for sale—Any offers?

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE death of General Metaxas, the patriot who revived in Greece the glory of her past, has been mourned by all free peoples.

It is now known that some of the Italian prisoners at Bardia were so hungry that they offered a pound for a loaf.

In memory of an Indian lady the sum of £15,000 has been sent to the Queen by her husband, the money to be spent in the interests of the women of the Empire.

Canada is to send 15,000 tons of wheat to Spain.

A letter from a village near Castle Douglas in Scotland tells us that the siren could not be sounded the other day because a pigeon nest was in the way.

Instead of the usual medals after the Rugby League Cup Final this year, the winners and losers of the final will receive Savings Certificates.

Over 40,000 sets of binoculars have now been handed over to the Ministry of Supply.

A baby recently born in the waiting room of Peterborough Railway Station has been called Eleanor (L N E R).

Miss Elizabeth Cotterill, of Congleton, left £1000 to St Stephen's Church for keeping graves tidy.

THERE is hardly a main road in the country without some cable under it, and often there are hundreds, with thousands of wires.

As a memorial of a Chairman of the Education Committee of King's Lynn (Colonel Woodwork), sets of the Children's Encyclopedia have been presented to each of the Gaywood Park Senior Schools.

Four generations of the Smee family are working at Hall's, the oldest ironworks in England.

Scout and Guide News Reel

SEA SCOUTS of Bristol fought and extinguished several fires in property near their headquarters, only to see their own building burned to the ground.

Scouts of North Waterloo, Canada, have spliced and knotted over 100,000 lanyards, a war contract of a local firm.

As an emergency job Scouts of the 1st Longueuil Troop, Quebec, printed and delivered within two hours, 150 summonses to local war veterans to form an emergency defence corps.

Amarillo Frozen In

The people of Amarillo, which is on the high plateau called the Texas Panhandle, know what it is like to live in the Ice Age. A C N correspondent who happened to be there when Jack Frost was feeling particularly mischievous sends us this description of his handiwork.

I was awakened at the crack of dawn by the tattoo of rain and sleet on the roof. Looking out of the window I saw that there was a fog as well, which meant that there was no wind; but what amazed me was the fact that the temperature was at freezing! I knew that something was in the air, so I dressed and sat at the window.

Almost as I looked the rain was freezing on everything it touched—trees, telephone wires, and so on. It was as though a magician had waved his wand, for the whole countryside had

On the busiest day of the war for the lifeboats the Southend boat went out 16 times.

In Lancashire blind people are training to form chains to carry buckets of water in case of fires.

Tests of opinion in the United States show that two in three now favour help for Britain even at the cost of war, and nine in ten think America is in danger if we lose.

AMERICA has sent three motor ambulances for the use of the I. M. S. Railway and an American line is showing the Coronation Scot as "a bit of Britain."

From an ounce of onion seed a Selby farm-worker has gathered 14 stones of onions.

Mr and Mrs W. J. Blackmore, of Holybourne, Hampshire, have celebrated their diamond wedding in the cottage in which they went to live after their wedding.

Milk is the best antidote to gas, and is often supplied to men working in bomb craters.

Three months of free window-cleaning was a prize in a recent draw for a war comforts fund.

Hundreds of Indians are being trained in British factories so that they may go home and make munitions.

A TRINIDAD Government scholar, Mr Bahadur Singh, is now President of the Oxford Union.

Over 360 publications have ceased since war broke out and 392 have raised their prices.

A remarkable record has been ended by death, six indoor servants having served between them 234 years in two families.

A mother bombed at Poplar has sent five shillings from her soldier son's war allowance to buy wireless for the blind.

CHILTERNHAM Brownies have collected more than 1000 old electric light bulbs for sale for the Red Cross; they have also combed sheep's wool from the hedges, washed and teased it, and made it into a quilt.

The Home Guard at Bedford have cause to be grateful to local Guides who have filled palliasses for them, sewn armlets on uniforms, and made signalling flags.

All dishcloths for the Guide Hostel for service women at Glasgow are being knitted and given by the Brownies.

put on a new dress, yards and yards of fine lace. I watched the incredible sight all the morning. By noon the trees were protesting audibly at the weight of their icy coverings. They groaned and creaked and many of them split open.

When night came we could not ring up our neighbours, for the telephone wires were lying in festoons on the ground. We sat in darkness, for the electric power lines were tangled with the telephones. We were even waterless, for there was no electricity to pump water from the underground reservoir, and even the firemen had a holiday.

Amarillo lay inert and ice-bound, cut off from the world, and it was 48 hours before relief came with a warm wind which melted the ice in four hours.

500 Miles in a Boat

MONTREAL has been making good friends with two young Norwegians who may be seen walking round the city wearing muklacs and cossack fur hats.

The story of how they escaped from Norway is exciting. They stowed away in a cargo boat which went as far as Greenland. On arrival there they found they would have to hang round for months before they could get a ship to take them to Canada, so they borrowed a rowing boat and rowed 500 miles to a missionary post. Here they heard that a Norwegian ship would soon be calling on the way to Port Arthur. For a month they lived in an Eskimo hut until the steamer arrived, when they started on the last stage of their journey. Their row of 500 miles was one of the longest on record, but is beaten by Shackleton's row of 800 from Elephant Island to South Georgia.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

An event in the heavens which many astronomers associate with the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem will occur on February 20, when, in the evening, the planets Jupiter and Saturn will meet for the third and last time, the previous meetings (duly recorded in the C.N.) being on August 15 and October 11 last year.

The explanation of these meetings is that Jupiter travels at eight miles a second and Saturn at six miles a second, so that Jupiter caught up Saturn on August 15, when it was the first time these two planets had appeared so close together in the heavens since the year 6 B.C., which is associated by many with the birth of Jesus.

B-P

It is not too late to tell this story of B-P. His car (with the letters B P on the identification plate) was given a rousing welcome when he visited a Wolf Cub Pack at Harrogate in 1921. The Cubs meant to let him know what they thought of him, so they borrowed some petrol posters from a garage, and when the Chief Scout entered the room he found the walls appropriately covered with advertisements proclaiming, *B P, that's the spirit!*

WEIGHING A DUST STORM

Our men in Libya have had some trying experiences of the sand or dust storms which the cold air coming from the hills at nightfall converts into whirlwinds. The sand filters into clothes and food, rifles, gun-sights, and guns, and nothing keeps it out. Fine as it is, it has weight, and it is calculated that a storm fills a cubic mile of air with 126,000 tons.

In contrast with the weight of this sand is the weight (carefully calculated by Dr Ross Allen) of the virus which, like that of influenza, produces some of our mortal ills. It would take 5300 million million of these virulent enemies to tip the scale at one ounce.

The Sparrows in the Blitz

A C.N. reader whose garden has at times suffered from the mischievous ways of London sparrows has been known to harbour ungentle thoughts about these birds, but he is penitent today, and goes about declaring that their chirp is music in his ears, and their presence as welcome to him as was Tennyson's blackbird, which sang to the poet as it pillaged the cherry trees.

For these Cockney sparrows are veritable heroes in feathers. In a district where many houses have fallen or stand shattered, where windows have vanished

and roofs and ceilings are but memories, these indomitable little birds team like crickets about a baker's oven.

Again and again bombs and oily bread-baskets have rocked and lit up their nursery, but every day they seem more cheery and more saucily jubilant for their experiences. There may be with them evacuees from houses that have gone, but they are all brisk and blithe, taking their blitz as if it were but an incident in the course of nature, incapable of disturbing the courageous serenity of their lives.

AS SIMPLE AS THAT

Sir John Boyd Orr, a leading diet expert, tells us that it is possible to live healthily on four foods: wholemeal bread, potatoes, green vegetables, and milk. He also says that we do not consume enough vegetables and milk.

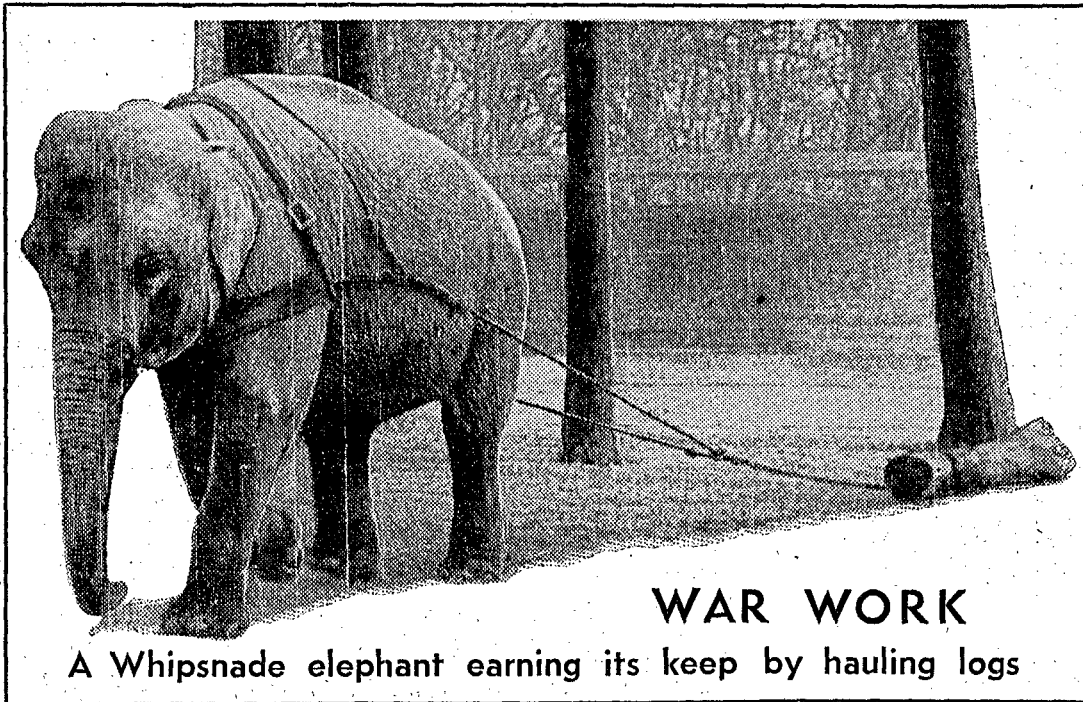
It is unfortunate that milk, so greatly needed, is so dear. The present price, ninepence a quart (if distributed cleanly in bottles), is beyond the means of many, and its importance in wartime cannot be put too high.

Photography Speeds the Plane

A NEW means of speeding up the building of aeroplanes and tanks with the help of photography is now being adopted with marked success.

Full-scale drawings made by the engineer's draughtsman are laid over sheets of duralumin, steel, or other metal, like a photographic negative. The metal is first sensitised to light, and the huge photographic print is developed and fixed, the entire operation taking less than four minutes. The metal sheet with its design and details for drilling, punching, and so on, can be immediately cut and machined.

At present the full-scale design must be scratched on the surface, a much slower procedure requiring great precision. Where quantities are required at high speed, as they are now, this new device seems likely to be of great help.



A Whipsnade elephant earning its keep by hauling logs

FROM THE CONGO PEOPLE

The Government and people of Belgian Congo have presented a mobile casualty clearing station for British East Africa;

This splendid gift consists of 22 vehicles with a staff of five surgeons and six other Europeans, 82 natives, bathrooms, refrigerators, kitchens, and dental surgeries, and operating theatres with X-ray equipment.

BY HOOK OR CROOK

The League of Coloured Peoples, of which the President, Dr Harold Moody, was lately received by the King, has received a copy of Kinetu, the only native newspaper published in Uganda; and with it a note from the Editor saying:

This paper is being prepared by one poor African who is trying by hook or by crook. Therefore the League is asked to help him by subscription. It would be a great help if all members could subscribe to it.

BROCK THE GENTLEMAN

Ever since we read Wind in the Willows we have felt a thrill of friendliness for the badger, and we are glad to see that Mr Harold Illingworth, writing from Penrith, calls the badger "that easy-going Ishmaelite" and tells of his usefulness in keeping down rabbits, licking up wasps by the nestful, and saving a great deal of our fruit crop.

Mr Illingworth pleads for official recognition of the badger's services, and we strongly support his plea, for Old Brock is one of the oldest inhabitants of our Island and an English gentleman.

ALBERT HALL SEATS IN A WILL

It may have seemed strange to many people that the other day a Londoner bequeathed in his will two stalls in the Albert Hall. The explanation is that when the Albert Hall was built in Victorian days about 400 people contributed to the cost by buying stalls or boxes at the rate of £100 a seat, and seats acquired in this way remain private property for 999 years. This is the reason why we sometimes see empty seats in the crowded hall, though most of the owners are kind enough to allow the seats to be used if they are not occupying them.

REMEMBRANCE

The Poles have been making many friends in Scotland. We hear of a lady who entertained a great deal for these courteous allies of ours not long ago, and was very touched and amused by the present they gave her when they went away. It was a huge wreath with a card saying *Ever Remembered!*

SOMETHING AT LAST

A correspondent tells us of a Liverpool family which was listening-in to Italian opera when the father, tired of it, was about to switch over to another programme. Then his schoolboy son remarked, "Oh, keep it on a bit longer, Dad; let's listen to something they really can do."

BABY

We don't know the infant's name, but one day a girl or a boy is going to be told about the most exciting moment of its life.

It is one of the babies on board the torpedoed liner Western Prince, who was hauled from the lifeboat to the rescuing ship in a case like a dog's box marked Baby With Care. When it was safely on deck the captain opened the case, and there, smiling and chuckling at him, was Baby, none the worse for its experience. "Oh, you lovely little thing!" said the captain, and all the survivors came and peeped.

Canada's Soldiers Back at School

THE first batch of 13 small text-books for the students-in-arms of Canada have just arrived in this country from Ottawa, little yellow booklets with black borders, witnessing that the thousands of Canadians over here do not intend that their education shall be neglected while they are waiting and watching for the enemy.

These books are intended for those who in normal times would be about to leave high school. Dr A. E. Chatwin, Director of Education for the Canadian Contingents, is in touch with educational bodies here,

and especially with the heads of technical colleges and institutes.

The Canadians, both officers and men, are eager to go back to school in these queer days, and a comprehensive programme of lectures is being prepared for them; but meanwhile they want to get on with their learning.

Accordingly, we shall soon have the spectacle of our Canadians in battle-dress doing their homework after the day's military training is over. Correspondence classes have already begun, and more and more examiners will be called upon to correct the papers sent in by the soldiers.

GOING TO IT

Our Northern lads and lassies are "Going to it."

We hear of a ten-year-old and a nine-year-old at Manchester who are cleaning doorsteps for a few coppers and giving the money to the Red Cross. We hear also of other youngsters from the Manchester district who, after a snow-fall, went round sweeping garden paths and gave the money to the Spitfire Fund.

Tommy Ward and his friend Tommy Walker, both nine, have been making brooms, and giving the money to the Ambulance Fund.

LITTLE BLACK BOY

A bright-looking little black boy went into a chemist's shop in Toronto, took out a pickle, and asked if he could telephone.

"Sure, sonny; go ahead," said the chemist.

The lad dialled a number and said: "Is that Miss Smith?"

"Yes."

"I hear you need a little black boy to run your messages."

"No," was the reply. "I have a very good little boy to run my messages right now."

"Well, I need that job awfully badly. If you could change I'm sure I could run your messages a good deal better than he."

"No," was the firm reply, "I am quite satisfied with my boy."

The chemist had been listening-in to this conversation with interest, and when the lad hung the receiver up he asked sympathetically: "So you didn't get that job, sonny. Too bad. Stay around here and perhaps I could find you something to do."

"No, thank you, mister," said the lad. "You see, I am Miss Smith's little black boy, and I was just checking up on myself!"

This is a true story.

WELL DONE

There has passed on in Yorkshire, aged 94, a good and faithful servant, Richard Henry Teesdale, who now sleeps in peace at Brafferton, for over 70 years coachman at Helperby Hall, driving four generations.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



When the Time Comes

It was the burning of Rome that exalted Nero to his highest frenzy. Not only had he the satisfaction of feasting his eyes on the flames, but he had the delight of putting the blame on the Christians of the city and submitting them to tortures at the thought of which the world still shudders.

Nero boasted himself an artist; Hitler trumpets the same claim for himself. May the parallel hold good to the end! When at last his outraged people could endure him no longer, the Roman despot crept forth at dead of night, barefooted and disguised, to seek the seclusion of a cellar in the home of one of his former slaves. As he contemplated the coming of death he sighed, "What an artist dies in me!"

When Hitler decides that the end has come, that will probably be much the same. "What a conqueror dies in me!" we can almost hear him saying; but the rest of us will go on our knees and thank God.

Isaac Watts Revised

A READER of the C.N. "since it came out with the daffodils" sends us this parody on some familiar lines of Isaac Watts:

'Tis the voice of the Siren,
I hear it complain;
You have slumbered too soon,
I must wake you again.

SPRING IS COMING

No doubt there are cold days ahead, but already there are signs that Spring is coming.

The Blackout is a few minutes less.

Birds are singing.

The snowdrops are smiling through.

Whips and tops are out.

A neighbour's wife has remarked that she thinks she will have the lounge papered when she spring-cleans.

JUST AN IDEA

God is not to be blamed for the things He allows us to do; we have been made free to do good or evil because freedom is the only way to perfection.

ALL QUIET

A LITTLE girl evacuated from England to America was asked by her teacher there to write an account of something interesting that had happened to her in the last twelve months.

She sat biting her pen but could think of nothing. "Come, come," said her teacher at last, "surely you, of all girls, have an interesting experience. You've crossed the Atlantic and sailed 3000 miles. Isn't that something to write about?"

"Yes," the child admitted, "but the sea was calm all the time, and the British Fleet was with us, so, of course, nothing could happen."

The Friendly Voice

ONE of our readers has been remembering this story about Rudyard Kipling.

He was visiting the London Zoo when one of the new boarders was giving quite a lot of trouble. It was an elephant, and for days it had been utterly miserable, trumpeting and storming and refusing to be comforted.

Why, the beggar's homesick, said Kipling, and he went up and spoke to it in a language it recognised, Hindi. There now, old fellow, there's no good in your storming, he said gently; you're to stay here, and you might as well make the best of it; take it easy, you will like your keepers when you get to know them, you know.

The familiar pet names soothed the great beast like magic, and when Kipling went away he left a happy and contented elephant behind.

What He Was Doing

It is inevitable, of course, that the strange conditions of our life today should impress themselves on the young mind as it develops.

We have been told of a little boy of four who was entertaining himself by putting up sticks in the garden and hanging the clothes-line on them; and who, when asked what he was doing, said he was "roping off bomb craters."

B-P's FAREWELL TO THE GUIDES

We have been asked to help on their way about the world these passages from the Chief Scout's farewell to Girl Guides. They were found among B-P's papers.

THIS is just a farewell note to you, the last that you will have from me. It is just to remind you when I have passed on that your business in life is to be happy and to make others happy.

That sounds comfortable and easy, doesn't it? You begin making other people happy by doing good turns to them. You need not worry about making yourselves happy, as you will very soon find that that comes by itself; when you make other people happy it makes you happy too. Later on, when you have a home of your own, by making it a bright and cheery one you will make your husband a happy man. If all homes were bright and cheery there would be fewer public-houses and the men would not want to go out to them.

I am sure God means us to be happy in this life. He has given us a world to live in that is full of beauties and wonders. We can see beauty in the flowers. We can watch with wonder how the seed produces the young plant which grows to a flower, which in its turn will replace other flowers as they die. For though plants die, like people, their race does not die away, but new ones are born and grow up to carry on the Creator's plan.

So, do you see, you women are the chosen servants of God in two ways: first, to carry on the race, to bring children into the world to replace the men and women who pass away; second, to bring happiness into the world by making happy homes and being yourselves good, cheery comrades for your husbands and children. That is where you as Guides especially come in. By being a comrade, by taking an interest in your husband's work and aspirations, you can help him with your sympathy and suggestions and so be a guide to him.

Also, in bringing up your children by strengthening and training their minds and characters as well as their bodies and health, you will be giving them to the better use and enjoyment of life. By giving out love and happiness in this way you will gain for yourselves the return love of husband and children, and there is nothing better in this world. You will find that Heaven is not the kind of happiness somewhere up in the skies after you are dead, but right here now in this world, in your own home. So guide others to happiness and you will bring happiness to yourselves, and by doing this you will be doing what God wants of you.

The Captain

A tall Norwegian strode into a Canadian bank the other day, took a battered wallet out of his pocket, and changed a thick wad of notes stuck together with sea water. This is the story he told.

HE had been captain of a Norwegian cargo boat torpedoed off Ireland. The death-blow had been struck in the middle of a pitch-black night, and only he and five men had had a chance of saving themselves, for the ship had sunk in three minutes. On feeling the shock of the explosion he snatched his lifebelt in one hand, thrust his flashlight into his pocket, and

picked up his wallet (containing all his savings, £300).

The water was already up to his knees when he stepped on deck. The ship was not heaving over, but was just sinking flat, and he was soon up to his waist. The men tried to cut the lifeboats free, but the water was rising too fast and the boats were smashed to pieces against the davits. However, they managed to cut one boat and three men into the boat, and threw in his lifebelt, and, without thinking, his wallet. As he was about to climb in the boat



A farm roller as a school bench for the art lesson

The Dust-Bowl States

DROUGHT and dust storms have caused a dramatic change in the populations of certain American States.

The census last year has revealed where people have left their homes and where they have settled. Although the United States as a whole shows an increase of over 8,600,000, the dust-bowl States of North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma have decreased by 300,000, or four per cent. Never before have so many States shown a decline in a decade, while never before the total population of America shown such a small ten-year advance as seven per cent. The census of 1930 actually showed an increase of 16 per cent, and that of 1920 over 21 per cent during the ten previous years. California appears to have been the chief gainer by exodus of farmers from the interior. This warmer and more pleasant State has increased by 1,230,000, and thus taken the place of Texas as the fifth most populous of all the States.

Little One and Big One

IN one month of last year the value of waste saved by our local authorities worked out at well over a penny for each man, woman, and child in the land. It seems small enough, but it represents the value as waste and not the real utility value.

In announcing this figure Mr H. G. Judd, Controller of Salvage, revealed that the Scottish burghs led the way with a month's saving of £8 8s per thousand population, a figure which contrasts with the £3 0s 6d of

London's 29 towns. Only authority in Scotland, representing 7000 people, salvaged nothing at all, whereas there were English authorities, with a total population of 813,600, who failed in this urgent duty. That is a scandal, and we should like to see these unpatriotic towns on a black list, and Government grants withheld from them.

During the year the gross total of 750,000 tons of scrap saved by the patriotic authorities, which, as Mr Judd said, was

Under the Editor's Table

It is sometimes hard to keep your chin up. Twice as hard if it is a double one.

THE British never take anything seriously," says an Italian. How about poets and prisoners?

GUARDSMEN polish everything everywhere. And rub Hitler up the wrong way.

PEOPLE do not like to see an egg wasted in a comic film. Think it is rotten.

PEOPLE are going back to poetry. Usually editors send poetry back to them.

ALL Americans are pretty much alike, says one of them. We have seen some who weren't pretty.

A DRIVE is to be made to produce eggs in this country. Why not a chicken run?

FACTORIES are to be lighter in future. How about the work?

A MAN has a right to walk in the road if he pleases. The motorist says he doesn't please.

LAND ARMY girls are breaking down the prejudices of farmers. And farmers are cracking up their work.

Peter Puck

Wants to Know



If Mussolini's booty's on the other leg

and His Wallet

ed away and turned over. This time the ship had sunk bath them. The other two were floating round on a raft, the captain and his three survivors managed to seize the and raft. They kept calling the men on the other raft poled themselves towards n. They could see the capsized boat still floating, and the ain could hardly believe his when he saw his wallet g under the boat, and ed it. The provisions, too, e there, luckily tied to the . After much struggling the

men managed to right the heavy craft and all climbed thankfully in.

Then the German submarine loomed up a stone's throw away, and the captain saw the commander standing on the deck, immaculately groomed and smoking a cigarette. "Can't you do something to save my men?" the captain called. "Why should I save them?" replied the German. "This is total war. Save yourselves if you can." Then the submarine moved away.

It was two days before the captain and his men were rescued.



of boys at a National Camp School in Sussex

the Losing Their People

t town of Los Angeles now 250,000 more inhabitants in 1930; actually with its ent population at one and a millions this sunlit city has ed in 20 years.

ly one American town s a comparable increase; is Washington with almost third as many again as in , chiefly owing to the doub- of the Federal Civil Service e Capital.

n the other hand, one in throe e cities with over 100,000 bitants have a decline to

show, partly owing to the growth of satellite dormitories, partly owing to the industrial depression and as a result of it their inability to attract population from rural areas.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the lesson taught by the fate of the dust-bowl States has been thoroughly learned, and that in future the countryfolk of this vast land will not cut down their trees and thus lay their rich farmlands open to the perils of drought and its inevitable consequences.

What Are You Wasting?

l result considering the ense amount of extra work wn on their staffs. About 00,000 was realised from thio of the materials collected, h included 220,000 tons of ul, 220,000 tons of paper, 00 tons of kitchen waste for ing pigs, and about 5000 of bones.

hen we remember that the effort did not take effect of the year was well advanced, people as a whole are to be ratulated, especially in view

of the fact that much additional salvaged material did not pass through the hands of local authorities.

Every pound of metal or paper we can save is a contribution to the shipping problem, and the old motto Waste not, Want not, has never been more true than now. From the youngest to the oldest let us double our attack on waste in 1941, for Waste is a traitor to freedom and an enemy of our country in its present hour of need.

THE STRANGE FATE THAT MADE US

WHAT a strange fate it is that made England! A little ledge of beautiful land in the ocean, to draw and to keep all the men in Europe who had the sea in their hearts and the wind in their brains, daring children of Nature, greedy enough and romantic enough to trust their fortunes to the waves and the gales. The most eccentric of peoples, all the world says, and the most acquisitive, made to be pirates and made to be poets, a people that have fastened their big teeth into every quarter of the globe and flung their big hearts in song at the feet of Nature, and even done both things at the same time.

Havelock Ellis

LIFE AND LOVE

LOVE lingers here where Life has fled. Where, Death, thy victory? Life lingers here where Love is dead. Then hail, O Death, to thee.

Father Tabb

So Many and So Few

AND now let us forget the few ill-mannered fellow-travellers we have met on the road, and remember the thousands upon thousands whose kindness and consideration have helped in the most wonderful way to make life's little journey a very pleasant one.

Richard Kearton

Thank God For These

BEAUTY has ramparts nothing can destroy. So in this hour of stress one hails such things as these: The thought of some green crest, remote, apart, A pine that holds the wind against its heart With that strange lovely solitude of trees; Waters beneath a moon with tidal surge, Loveliness speaking through the spate and scourge, And some faint echo of youth's ecstasies. Picked up in an Air Raid Shelter

STAND FAST

WATCH ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Let all that ye do be done in love.

Paul

The Red Man and the White

FERNANDO DE SOTO, the Spanish discoverer of the Mississippi, sought to overawe a tribe of Red Indians by claiming a supernatural birth and demanding obedience and tribute. "You say you are the child of the sun," replied the undaunted Chief. "Dry up the river and I will believe you. You desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell, and if you come in peace I will receive you with special goodwill; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back."

A Father and His Little Son

DEAR Lord, receive my son, whose winning love To me was like a friendship, far above The course of nature, or his tender age; Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage. Let his pure soul, ordained seven years to be In that frail body, which was part of me, Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show How to this port at every step I go.

Sir John Beaumont



CARRY ON

Nothing Will Perish

Nothing will perish; it is only the form that changes. We find it in Science and in Poetry. Here is the way Tennyson said it.

WHEN will the stream be a-weary of flowing Under my eye? When will the wind be a-weary of blowing Over the sky? When will the clouds be a-weary of fleeting? When will the heart be a-weary of beating? And nature die? Never, oh! never, nothing will die;

The stream flows, the wind blows, The cloud fleets, the heart beats, Nothing will die.

Nothing will die; All things will change Through eternity. 'Tis the world's winter; Autumn and summer

Are gone long ago; Earth is dry to the centre, But spring, a new comer, A spring rich and strange, Shall break the winds blow Round and round, Through and through, Here and there, Till the air And the ground Shall be filled with life anew.

The world was never made; It will change, but it will not fade, So let the wind range; For even and morn Ever will be Through eternity. Nothing was born; Nothing will die; All things will change.

And here is the way a scientist said it. He was Camille Flammarion, a famous French astronomer, who believed that only our thoughts are ourselves, and that the fading and changing of the matter of which our bodies are made leave the mind and soul of man immortal still.

THE laws of Nature regulate the movements of the atoms in living creatures as well as in inorganic matter.

The same molecule passes successively from a mineral body into a vegetable body or an animal, and incorporates itself.

The molecule of carbon dioxide breathed out by a dying man incorporates itself in the flower in the garden, the blades of grass in the meadow, the tree

in the forest. The molecule of oxygen that escapes from the last living twig of the old oak tree incorporates itself in the fair head of the child in the cradle. We change not a whit in the composition of natural bodies.

Nothing is born, nothing dies. Only the form is perishable; the substance is immortal. The atoms travel from one being to another, guided by natural forces.

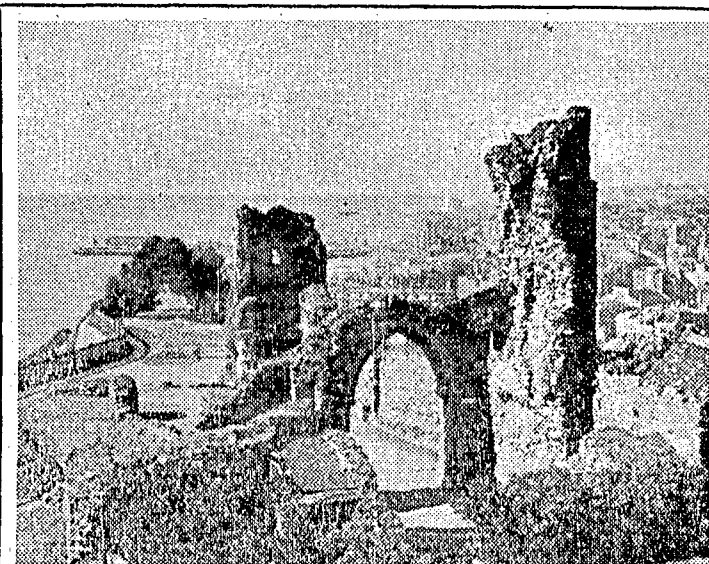
O MASTER, LET ME WALK WITH THEE

O MASTER, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of service free; Tell me Thy secret; help me hear The strain of toil, the fret of care; Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear winning word of love; Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.

O Master, let me walk with Thee Before the taunting Pharisee; Help me to bear the sting of spite, The hate of men who hide Thy light, The sore distrust of souls sincere Who cannot read Thy judgments clear,

The dullness of the multitude Who dimly guess that Thou art good.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In closer, dearer company, In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong. In hope that sends a shining ray Far down the future's broadening way, In peace that only Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live! Washington Gladden



Crowning a ridge of the South Downs above Hastings are these ruins of the Conqueror's Castle. William of Normandy camped here before he conquered Saxon England, the Castle walls being raised soon after; and even in their ruined state they are an impressive sight high above the Channel

HAILE SELASSIE BACK WITH HIS PEOPLE

The Reconquest of His Mountain Kingdom

NOT since Kitchener fought his way to Khartoum, snatched it from barbarism and founded civilisation there, has that city of the Nile witnessed anything so dramatic as the Court of Haile Selassie, at which the old chieftains of Abyssinia have been paying homage to their emperor. Confidently did he sit there awaiting that supreme hour when he could again set foot in his native land.

Today this ambition has been realised, and, surrounded by his soldiers, trained and equipped by British hands, Haile Selassie is living a warrior's life in his red war tent in Abyssinia itself, and here organising a victory in which his people will take no small part.

It is the beginning of the reconquest of Abyssinia and the end of Mussolini's ramshackle empire in Africa. All the world knows now, by shameful treachery and massacre, Mussolini, after leading Abyssinia as a brother to the League of Nations, turned Cain and slew the liberty of this ancient land. Many people know now Laval, the Traitor of France, secretly conspired with Mussolini that this should be so, and made it difficult for the League to intervene. Now all the world sees at last the retribution of the vildöer, and the expulsion of the Italians from the land they stained with blood.

A Braggart Conqueror

The C.N. was one of the very few newspapers that protested against Abyssinia being received in the League of Nations, for it believed that Abyssinia was not yet ready for so great a place in the Council of Civilisation. Yet Haile Selassie was steadily raising the standard of life in his country, and its moral outlook on the world, and it is plain to all that the Emperor is far more worthy of fame and power than his braggart conqueror. It has been thrilling to read how one by one his old warriors made their way across the desert to Khartoum, to offer their loyalty to the emperor come home again.

In his royal palace by the Nile sat Haile Selassie welcoming those chiefs who have kept faith with their overlord and longed for his return. Mastered by poison gas, these Abyssinians have never really submitted to their conquerors, and when Italy went to war with the Allies one of Britain's first steps was to despatch Haile Selassie to Egypt, and provide him with help in rousing his people against their oppressors.

The War Drums

By secret routes the chiefs made their way to Khartoum to take counsel, and revolts began in Abyssinia. No Italian officer dare move freely about in this East African empire of Italy without a strong guard. For many weeks the Emperor's 40 war drums have been sounding among the mountains of his old domain, echoing to the drums of his chieftains.

Modern arms are being conveyed over the Sudanese border,



and a British Mission under a Colonel has for many months been at work organising the patriots and training the people in modern methods of war. The Italian roads have been destroyed in the very heart of the country, and British aeroplanes guided to their goal by Vêry lights. From north, west, and south our armies have been thrusting into Abyssinia and its border province of Eritrea, while from the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean ports have been bombarded.

Kassala, capital of a Sudan province, snatched by Italians raiding from Eritrea last summer when we were weak, has been won back and that province penetrated deeply. No longer is the way open for an attack on the railway which links Port Sudan with Berber and Khartoum; by aeroplane alone can the Italians communicate with home.

The South African Forces

Our forces are invading Abyssinia itself at Gallabat, while a little to the south Gubba has been abandoned owing to a revolt. In the farthest south the armies of General Smuts have forced the Italians out of Kenya, and the South Africans are destined to play a great part in the redemption of the country.

Italian East Africa, the dream empire of Mussolini, is indeed an invested country dependent on munitions of war treacherously stored there before Mussolini declared war on his old Allies. Soon must come a plea for safe conduct to the French at Jibuti and the British Navy on behalf of the Italian women and children settled in this primitive country. There is no doubt that it will be granted, for the avenging hand of the Ethiopian will be terrible.

Once again this mountainous land will prove the grave of Italian imperialism, and another Adowa will stain the flag of Italy, now brought so low by the braggart Mussolini, jackal of Hitler, brought into the war to pick up the crumbs which, after all, have not fallen from his master's table.

The events now taking place in Abyssinia are the result of long and secret preparation, and one of the stories told by the British

Make Better Use of the Land

Replying to the suggestion that we cannot plough up more grassland this winter without reducing our livestock, Mr Hanley, of the Cambridge School of Agriculture, points out that this is a false view.

The urge to plough is not to be attributed solely to the need for producing more crops for direct human consumption. Crops such as wheat and potatoes are certainly needed, but it is not intended that these should occupy the whole of the increase in ploughed land. A proportion of the increase can be set aside for growing food for animals, such as kale, mangolds, oats, beans.

When average grassland is broken up to grow arable crops, the production of food is increased enormously, and under arable crops should be at least two to three times that from the old grass.

Out of 20 acres ploughed up no more than half should need to be devoted exclusively to crops for stock food in order to supply the same amount as the original 20 acres of grassland.

Continued from the previous column

Mission which has been training them to break the Italian yoke is a dramatic example of what has been going on.

A British major at Khartoum had occasion to visit a British colonel in a secret place in Abyssinia, and the only way was to fly. He risked sending a message asking for a landing-place to be prepared for his plane, and for signals guiding him to it. It was necessary to fly by day, and on coming suddenly to a mountain ridge it seemed that the plane would not be able to climb above it, and the pilot was about to lighten the load by dropping his ammunition and his boxes of silver dollars when an upward current of air lifted the plane over the knife ridge of the hills. Eventually they found the signals to the landing-place, landed among thousands of cheering patriots with a British colonel in the midst, and spent the night in a secret meeting.

The next day the major and the R.A.F. observer trekked on mules through wooded glades and fields of waving corn to the source of the Blue Nile, and there the major addressed a great gathering of chieftains and told them Britain was coming.

A Sacred Spring

The courageous major and the observer, presumably in the effort to impress the Abyssinians, were baptised at a sacred spring and entertained at a great feast, and the next morning set out to return to the Sudan. But the plane refused to take-off, and nearly crashed in the attempt.

It was a day of great trouble, but that night a chieftain sent out his warriors to the summit of the hills all round, and they sounded their horns all over the valley. Almost at once began an incoming stream of thousands of patriots, who worked through the night to enlarge the runway and so enable the plane to take-off. It took off at dawn and all was well.

A WHITE LITTLE WORLD

The Mystery of Vesta's Surface

The planet Mercury (writes the C.N. Astronomer) may now be seen in the south-west as soon as the sky is sufficiently dark and until nearly two hours after the Sun has set, that is, until nearly 8 o'clock; after this Mercury will be too near the horizon. In any case, a clear sky is necessary, when Mercury will be easily seen as a golden first-magnitude star some way to the left of where the Sun has set.

Mercury Coming Nearer

The earlier Mercury is looked for the higher he will appear above the horizon, and, as he sets later each evening for the next few days, the possibility of finding him readily will improve. At present Mercury is about 95 million miles away, but he is rapidly coming nearer at the rate of upwards of a million miles a day for the next two weeks. During this time the telescopic appearance of Mercury will change from that of a tiny half-moon to a very slender crescent. Then, as he approaches his nearest to us, which is on February 26, he will vanish altogether for the same reason that the Moon does, that is, coming between us and the Sun.

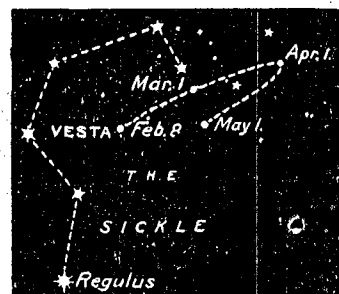
Vesta, another and much smaller world than Mercury, may be seen with the aid of glasses in the eastern sky late in the evening, say after 8 o'clock. Then the fore part of the great constellation of Leo, the Lion, will be sufficiently high above the horizon to be seen clearly. The arrangement of these stars, shown in the star-map, composes what is popularly known as the Sickle.

The path which Vesta will appear to travel through them during the next three months is seen to follow a curious curve; this is a perspective effect resulting from the combined motions of Vesta and the Earth, and it should be interesting to follow the movement of the tiny point of light representing Vesta as seen through the glasses on a clear dark night.

Vesta may be readily identified and distinguished from other faint

stars in the vicinity by her motion, which will appear appreciable even in the course of a couple of days. This will become apparent by comparison with certain of the fixed stars close by. Vesta will be at her nearest to us about February 15, when she will be at her brightest; afterwards she will begin to recede, and by May will be too faint to be seen except through very powerful glasses or a telescope.

This little world is now about 125 million miles away, and as she is only about 240 miles in diameter we can form some idea of what snow-clad England and Wales would look like at that distance. For Vesta is a very white little world and reflects as much of the Sun's light as if covered in snow or white cloud. Neither is likely, because Vesta has not sufficient gravitational pull to retain either if she had them; for she speeds through space at nearly 12 miles a second. But it may be that her surface is crystalline, composed largely of a quartz-like rock, or maybe even a limestone, as Vesta appears to be one of the larger fragments of a



The path of Vesta during the next three months

much larger world that was smashed into many thousands of fragments, which are known to exist and are difficult to account for in any other way. The motions of these fragments have been found to fit in with the theory of a common origin. G. F. M.

Bacup and Rawtenstall, Knitters and Diggers All

Dear Editor, I thought I would write to tell you what our school is doing to help.

The school is Bacup and Rawtenstall Grammar School, and we number more than 400 boys and girls.

Every week we all bring small contributions to the School War Fund, and out of this money wool is bought in Service colours. It is handed over to the girls, who knit all kinds of comforts for the troops: Balaclava helmets, mittens, socks, and scarfs. We dispatch them to the depots for distribution to the troops, and have received many letters of appreciation.

As for the boys, they help with the School Allotment, which is yielding enough potatoes for school dinners.

A Black Light and What It Does

BLACK light, or lightless light, is the name given to the least harmful ultra-violet rays proceeding from a mercury vapour lamp, or from a tungsten filament bulb. Both lights must be enclosed in a black bulb, or a black light filter, so as to exclude more powerful or dangerous rays. The rays then filtering forth will make many substances glow with a phosphorescent or fluorescent light. Walls

Our fund has often received contributions from girls who have sold small home-made lavender-bags, and sometimes the contribution reaches £1. Of course, we all go in for National Savings, and always reach a high number of subscriptions. The senior girls learn First Aid. The boys went to help the farmers in summer on the farms with some of the masters; they sacrificed part of their holiday to go.

At Christmas we dispatched small boxes containing cigarettes, sweets, and a book to all the old boys of the school now serving in the Forces. I think you will agree with me in saying that our school is doing its best for the country.

Yours sincerely, MEGAN OWEN.

or carpets can be coated with paints or dyes to respond in this way, and, oddly enough, our own eyes become slightly fluorescent in this manner, though we should hardly be aware of it. One out-of-the-way use has been found for the rays. Old-fashioned glues fluoresce in a different way from new ones, and a spurious piece of so-called antique furniture can be detected by its modern glue.

Tales of the Island

Here are more stories of our countryside from the King's England books, the Editor's survey of all England, with its towns, cities, and villages. The volumes are full of tales of our people and the things they did, the work of their

hands, and the legacy they left behind for us to see. As we cannot travel today, the next best thing is to be reading about our country ready for the days when we shall see it again in its glory. The books are published by Hodder and Stoughton.

CHESHIRE

Alice in the Window

Daresbury in Cheshire is for ever to be remembered as the birthplace of Lewis Carroll. The fine village church has been changed since his day and has a charming window in memory of this man who introduced us all to Wonderland.

We see him with Alice in this window, the Oxford Don and the little girl. A child is the centre figure—the Holy Child in the cradle, with Mary and Joseph and the adoring Shepherds. At one side kneels Lewis Carroll in hood and surplice, Alice standing beside him; on the other side kneels St Francis with a wolf. At the foot of the window come our old friends from Wonderland and Looking-Glass Land as pictured for us by Sir John Tenniel: the White Rabbit, Bill the Lizard, the Dodo, the Caterpillar, the Mad Hatter, the Dormouse, sitting in the teapot, the March Hare, the Duchess, the Gryphon, the Mock Turtle, the Knave of Hearts, the Cheshire Cat (quite at home in this Cheshire church), and the Queen of Hearts. The Mad Hatter and the March Hare are below the cradle.

SURREY

Daniel Gumbrell's Trees

At Redhill in Surrey we found a willow flourishing vigorously, one of the two trees of old Daniel Gumbrell. In this old-world garden he lived with Nature nearly every day of nearly eighty years. He began his working life at nine, and every day's work he ever did was in this garden. Mending a fence in the days of his youth, he drove into the ground a piece of willow, four inches across and five feet long. It strengthened

the fence between two meadows, but it did more, for it took root and grew, and it rose in its might until its trunk was 15 feet round and its branches spread out for 80 feet, and in its shade old Daniel would sit. He had another monument, the tree of his other lives—a hundred and thirty men and women and children descended from Daniel Gumbrell.

A thrilling thing it must have been, one day here, to find a crowd of people there, old men and babies in arms, and to realise that Daniel was bringing his children to see his garden. The old man walked in front of his people, his immortality, over the scene of his long toil.

WESTMORLAND

Andrew Harclay's Mistake

A little way from the quiet Westmorland village of Hartley is an uphill road with many sycamores bringing us to the red ruins of Hartley Castle, once a stronghold keeping watch over the valley. A farmhouse stands on its foundations and many of its stones have gone to Eden Hall in Cumberland, but we can still see fragments of the castle walls, and of a tower with a vaulted room. In the 13th century the castle belonged to Sir Thomas Musgrave, and in Tudor days to Sir Richard, but the Harclays were here long before the first Musgrave, among them Andrew, one of the chief men of his time.

It has been said that he was the first Englishman to fight the Scots with soldiers on ponies. He distinguished himself in the wars and grew immensely rich; but in 1322 he allowed Robert Bruce to slip past him and invade the north of England, and the king had him executed in his own town.

HERTFORDSHIRE

The Witch

All England was talking of the quiet Hertfordshire village of Walkern 200 years ago, when Jane Wenham, who was declared by the rector's servants to be bewitched, and was finally arrested and ducked in the pond.

She was committed to the Assizes by the local magistrate, three clergymen gave evidence against her, and the jury found her guilty. She was sentenced to death by the judge against his will, but he was able to obtain a free pardon from Queen Anne. There was much controversy in Parliament and out, and the case at last led to the repeal of the statute against witchcraft in 1736. The good squire of Gilston, John Plumer, found the poor woman a cottage at Hertingfordbury, and when he died Earl Cowper looked after her.

In hundreds of our villages we have found the staples in the font which were put there to save the holy water from the witches; this village has the distinction of having led to the abolition of this superstition from the Statute Book.

SUSSEX

The Five Stable Boys

A pathetic tale is told of Kirdford in Sussex. In 1838 six boys and a man of Kirdford saw the New Year in but never saw the Spring. Five of them were stable boys on a farm, and they slept in one of the cottages which is still standing. They slept in one room, and on the bitter winter's night of January 21, 1838, they lit a fire to keep them warm. An old man at the gate when we called remembered hearing his neighbours talk of what happened. There were no chimneys, he said, and the rest of the story is eloquent in the words the villagers put on the stone of the five boys; these boys went to sleep and did not wake, dying "from having placed green wood ashes in their bedroom."

KENT

Old Jeremiah

Old Jeremiah Wackford is remembered in the churchyard at Warehorne in Kent. He was everybody's friend, always with a copper for the poor and a drop of medicine for the sick. We read that

By nature this was not the case, But God had changed his heart by grace.

HEREFORDSHIRE

My Lady Holds Out

The Herefordshire village of Brampton Bryan got its name from Bryan de Brampton, a 13th century knight whose vanished castle is still marked by a strong 14th century gatehouse. Lying on medieval tiles in the church is the stone figure of Margaret, the last of the Bramptons, whose marriage in 1309 brought the Harley family here. Her husband, Sir Robert Harley, rebuilt the castle, and it is his gatehouse that is left

among the beeches in the 500-acre park of the new hall.

The gatehouse is a bit of medieval England, with its two round towers and the portcullis grooves in the walled entrance leading between them to the inner gatehouse and the broken wall of the banqueting hall, inset with a Tudor oriel window. This is all that is left of the castle Lady Brilliana Harley defended so gallantly in the Civil War while her husband was fighting for Parliament. Again and again the besiegers called on Lady Brilliana to surrender the castle, but always her reply was, "My lord bids me hold out."

We know something of the mind of this brave woman, for 200 of her letters, preserved at Brampton for 200 years, were published last century by the Camden Society. The strain and hardship of the siege were too much for her; she died, and soon afterwards the Royalists had their way and burned the castle.

DEVON

John Kitto, Hero

Few men have faced the battle of life more heroically than John Kitto, born at Plymouth, son of a brutal mason who made his child carry heavy burdens up ladders to the tops of houses. He was only 13 when he fell from a roof and was crippled and deaf for the rest of his life.

He ran wild in the streets and was sent to a workhouse, but was discovered keeping a diary and was sent by kindly people to a college where they taught him printing and prepared him for a missionary's life. He worked in Malta and in the East, and he had extraordinary adventures in Bagdad, where he endured a siege, survived a plague which carried off 50,000 people, and escaped a flood which swept away 7000 houses. Back in England he toiled as an author for 20 years, and would work for months without leaving his house to support his wife and ten children.

CUMBERLAND

Roman Empire Crumbling

Ravenglass, perhaps the oldest seaport in Cumberland, is the guardian of a crumbling fragment of the Roman Empire, something from its great days when England was under the Caesars. It stands by a fine avenue near the foot of the hill and is called Walls Castle, one of the best preserved Roman buildings in this half of the country.

Most probably a villa, though it may be a bath connected with Muncaster, it has walls of red freestone a yard thick, and in places the ivied ruins are as much as 12 feet high. Roman cement is still clinging to the inside of the walls, and the great strength of it all is enough to support huge blocks of overhanging masonry.

The Romans laid down roads to Ravenglass, one of them being guarded by Hard Knott Castle. Today the pilgrim can come in a very different fashion, travelling in a toy-like train on a famous little railway through the glories of Eskdale.

How We Got OUR NAMES

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. I often wonder how people got their names. I have a very common name, Smith, but often I see curious names over shops and wonder how they came.

Man. Your name is a fine one, and the Smiths have produced many great men. Smith illustrates the origin of a host of surnames. Every village had its smith, and it was natural to speak of John the Smith to distinguish him from other Johns. As a son frequently followed his father's trade we can understand how a village came to have a family known generally as the Smiths.

Boy. There are families called Baker, Gardner, Butcher, Chandler, Miller, Carter.

Man. And others in which the original trade name is disguised for us by different spelling. Baxter, for example, means baker, and Webb means weaver. And there are lost trades, such as the Fletcher, who feathered arrows. He was an important man in olden days and his trade gave the name to tens of thousands of Fletchers. So also we get Spencer from Le Despenser (the steward). Landseer is from bailiff. Walker is a version of the trade of fuller. Another big set of names arose from adding "son" to names, and we get Smithson, Johnson, Richardson, Wilson, and many more.

In the old days people (even great writers) spelt as fancy dictated, and so families were founded by sons of men named Thomas who spelt their names in such various ways as Tomson, Thompson, Thomasson, and Thom. A curious spelling is Dixon, which we hardly realise to be derived from a son of a Richard nicknamed Dick. Many Dicks gave rise to Dickinson and Dickens. How proud a certain Dick would have been to know that centuries later his family would produce Charles Dickens!

Boy. What a lot of Johns there must have been!

Man. Yes, that is why Jones is so common as a surname; it came from John. Other forms of John include Jenkins, Jenkyn, Jenkinson, and Johnson. Jenkins must have been a little John, for the suffix *kin* or *kins* is a pretty diminutive which also gives us Watkins, as mothers fondly say babykins. Another pretty diminutive is *et*, as in Willett, a little Will.

Boy. What of the colour names, such as Black?

Man. It is not difficult to understand how an exceptionally dark man came to be called Black in an English village where most of the people were fair, and so with other personal characteristics. The Longs were obviously founded by tall men and the Armstrongs by strong ones; Strongtharm is a rare form of this, and it still exists in London.

Boy. Was the adoption of surnames universal in the world?

Man. It has become universal, but only in recent times. The ancient Greeks and Jews had no surnames, and in England it was not until the twelfth century that the nobility began to use them. Surnames were unnecessary in small communities, although nicknames must always have been common in villages. It was the growth of populations that made settled surnames convenient, necessary, and in the end universal.

BEDTIME CORNER

Phil's Little Joke

PHIL loved being in Uncle Hugh's library. It was full of books, most of them in a high bookcase which reached nearly to the ceiling.

One morning when Mother called him there was no reply. The young rascal was deep in an interesting book. Why wouldn't they leave him alone?

As the footsteps came nearer his eye fell on the small library steps in the corner. Phil set it against the books and ran up it.

The ledge above was wide and roomy. It made a lovely hidey-hole. When Mother came in there was no one to be seen.



Soon her footsteps died away and the door shut. But in a minute it opened again and in came Uncle Hugh himself.

"I'll keep very still," chuckled Phil, "and presently I'll roar like a lion and give him a fright."

But in next-to-no-time Uncle Hugh went out, shutting the door behind him.

"What a sell!" cried Phil. He hadn't had his bit of fun after all.

What was worse, when he sat up and felt for the steps they were gone!

Now it was Phil's turn to call and call and get no answer.

"Mum-mee!" he screamed at last.

And then a tap on the window made him turn and stare down.

There was Uncle Hugh looking up at him from the other side of the glass, laughing like anything.

"You are a tease!" cried Phil. "It was my joke, you know, not yours."

MARIE ELISABETH

REALLY ARE SARDINES!

Try some today and store a tin for emergencies.

THE BRAN TUB



The boys and girls in this picture are playing ten games which Shakespeare mentions. How many of them do you know? The list will be given next week

ASK LORD WOOLTON

SAID a wife to her husband, "I wish these recipes were more definite."
"What's the trouble?" he asked.
"Well," his wife replied, "this one tells how to use up old potatoes, but it doesn't say how old the potatoes should be."

Lewis Carroll's Anagram

HERE is a puzzle invented by Lewis Carroll. All the answers are different, but they are all composed of the same letters.

When are you going to make your will?

Shall I write it for you in pencil?

When may a man leave all his money to charities?

What did the uncle say when he heard this?

What did the nephew say when his uncle made him his heir?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Mercury is in the south-west, Jupiter and Saturn are close together in the south, and Uranus is in the south-east. In the morning Venus is low in the south-east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, February 9.

The Pirate Puppy

DON'T talk to me of Captain Kidd And of the booty that he hid, Returning after years at sea To dig his riches up with glee.

For we've a pirate, too, at home, Though he has never sailed the foam, His treasure lies concealed around, Beneath a crust of garden ground.

He doesn't roam the Spanish main, His trips are mostly down the lane; But back he comes, our pirate bold, To dig up bones—not plundered gold.

For he's just Spot, our pup, no more, Who rakes the flower-beds o'er and o'er, A dog with four destructive feet, Whose buried hoards are things to eat!

THE HAPPIEST END

IT is said that the day before Caesar was murdered he was invited to supper by some friends. As was his custom, Caesar signed several dispatches during the meal. While he was so busied the other guests discussed various questions; and one of them asked what was the happiest death to die.

Before any of them could answer, Caesar, raising his voice, replied:

The most unexpected.

Change of Diet Needed

AN eccentric old lady of Pinner Invited an ostrich to dinner. It's been eating for days, And the old lady says It is getting, if anything, thinner.

THE MORNING DEW

IT has been estimated that the average amount of dew deposited in Britain in a year represents a depth of five inches. This, it is calculated, is equivalent to over 20,000 million tons.

CURIOUS

LITTLE Willie had been asking a lot of questions, and his uncle was quite tired of answering them. "Uncle, I want to know something," said Willie; but this time there was no reply.

"Uncle, I want to ask you something," said Willie again.

"Well, you can't," snapped his uncle. "Besides, have you never heard that curiosity killed a cat?"

"Uncle," said Willie, after a short pause, "what was it that the cat wanted to know?"

Jacko in a Crazy Mood



THE rain was coming down in sheets. Even Jacko had borrowed an umbrella. As he ran for cover he passed a great steam-roller puffing away. Jacko began to grin. He jumped up, tied his umbrella to the funnel, and went off roaring at his own joke.

Ici on Parle Français

A Tame Cuckoo

A Bristol lady has sent us this story.

Standing in our garden, I found two wagtails flying over my head in an excited manner, and on looking on the ground I found a young cuckoo quite near me.

I took it up and placed it in the shrubs, and there the wagtails came and fed it.

It is very tame and will let us catch it at any time.

Un Coucou Apprivoisé

Une dame de Bristol nous a envoyé cette histoire.

Me trouvant au jardin, je remarquai deux bergeronnettes qui volaient au-dessus de ma tête avec agitation, et en regardant à terre je découvris un jeune coucou tout près de moi.

Je le ramassai et le plaçai dans les buissons et là les bergeronnettes lui apportèrent sa nourriture.

Il est tout à fait apprivoisé et se laisse prendre à tout moment.

THE MAN WHO TURNIPS CRIES

IF the man who turnips cries Cry not when his father dies, 'Tis a proof that he had rather Have a turnip than his father.

Samuel Johnson

How Ruskin Wrote His Name

JOHN RUSKIN, one of the outstanding figures of the nineteenth century, was born in London on February 8, 1819, the son of a wealthy wine merchant. Young Ruskin began his life as a painter, and he soon found that his real vocation was to write about beautiful things. As a critic of painting and architecture his delightful

Ruskin

style and original point of view made him famous, his books being so widely read that they revived interest in art all over England.

Much of his time he spent in writing on social and political questions, his views, which in those days provoked much criticism, being marked by a lofty idealism.

An Enigma

HIGH in the air the skylark hung, With music all the welkin rung. How knew you what the warbler sung?

By me.

With gladness in his look and air, The lover hastes to lady fair. What made him sure of welcome there?

Why me!

What lured yon culprit, doomed to be, Confined in penitentiary, And only after years set free?

Twas me.

The enraged musician turns aside, His temper and his patience tried, And all his listening powers defied

By me!

Too plain I fear I've made my name, Yet ask you now to tell the same—What shows you such request I claim?

Why me!

Answer next week

Do You Live at Droitwich?

THE wick in Droitwich is the old English wic, meaning a dwelling or village, and the Droit is the French droit, meaning right or privilege. The name is a reference to the right given to the villagers at this place by Edward the First about 1293 to manufacture salt.

NATURE'S NEWS REEL FOR FEBRUARY

THE dor beetle appears
The ivy casts its leaves
The crocus is in blossom
The pied wagtail is seen
Golden-crested wren singing
Tawny owl hoots
Small smooth newt appears
Butcher's broom is in blossom
Elder trees open their leaves
Ravens and rooks build nests
Partridges begin to pair
Blackbird and yellow-hammer seen
Field crickets appear
Dandelion and primrose bloom

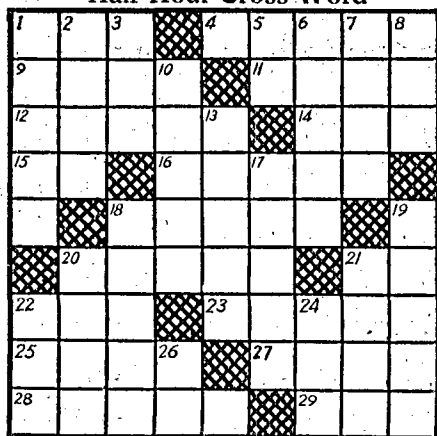
Coltsfoot is coming into blossom
Honeysuckle is in leaf
The greenfinch has begun to sing
The ringdove is heard cooing
Jackdaws resort to the chimneys
Drone-fly appears on the wing
Earthworms lie in the open
The heath snail comes abroad
The lesser periwinkle blossoms
Goldfinch is heard singing
Missel-thrushes appear
Flocks of wild geese seen
Frogs croak and toads appear

Reading Across.

1 This is very much out of place. 4 Conscience. 9 A kind of slave. 11 Narrow strip of cotton or linen. 12 A reciter. 14 Chum. 15 Preposition expressing approximate position. 16 Redbreast. 18 Wide. 20 Appointed meeting. 21 West Australia. 22 Native mineral from which metal is obtained. 23 Of tone. 25 Fir and pine wood. 27 A nursery. 28 A heathen deity. 29 For what reason?

Reading Down. 1 A literary composition. 2 Tidy. 3 Without moisture. 5 French for and. 6 Very fast. 7 Maximum distance between tips of thumb and little finger. 8 A snakelike fish. 10 To convey by boat over a river. 13 A bird's perching-place. 17 Field-marshal's staff of office. 18 A fresh-water fish. 19 Tasting of brine. 20 A big plant. 21 Where King John lost his jewels. 22 Not even. 24 Fresh. 26 Behold.

Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisk indicates abbreviation. Answer next week

SHEEP AND ARITHMETIC

SEVEN sheep were standing By the pasture wall. "Tell me," said the teacher To her scholars small, "One poor sheep was frightened, Jumped, and ran away. One from seven—how many Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers— A farmer's daughter she, Not so bright at figures As she ought to be.

"Please, ma'am!" "Well, then, Kitty,

Tell us, if you know." "Please, if one jumped over, All the rest would go."

Beheaded Word

COMPLETE I denote a custom; behead me and I am a herb; behead again and I am a period of time.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Hotel-Keeper's Problem. The fallacy lies in the fact that the man who went into the tenth bed was not really the eleventh man, but the second man, who was lying in the first bed.

Transposition. Evil, live

WISE MOTHERS FIGHT COLDS THIS WAY

Mother—the real reason why so many children catch colds is because their systems are sluggish—not as active and regular as they should be. And a sluggish system is an ideal breeding ground for cold and 'flu germs.

So take this precaution today. Get a bottle of the remarkable "natural" remedy, 'California Syrup of Figs.' Give a teaspoonful to your child once or twice a week.

By doing this you keep the system active and healthy, and help purify the blood as a defence against nasty colds. Pure, rich blood is a child's best guard against colds. And 'California Syrup of Figs' is the ideal laxative and blood purifier for a child. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Children love it.

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